

Jeremiah Langford—Eleemosynary Fan

JUST what happened to Jeremiah Langford on Wednesday last, nobody seems to know, but whatever the contributing causes were, they culminated at noon in an ultimatum from this public spirited citizen to the effect that the directors of the Salt Lake ball team must pay a few hundred dollars rent supposed to be due, or look elsewhere for a place for Blank's Bees to win the pennant.

Whether he was suffering from neuritis of the pocket nerve, something had happened to his matutinal digestive apparatus, or he had had a dream about the way he used to run Saltair was kept secret; but at any rate, public spirited Jeremiah was as peevish as a prima donna on an opening night.

Jeremiah's effervescence came, according to his allegations, because his palm had not been crossed with a sufficient amount of silver to pay the rent alleged to be due for the use of the grounds during the two weeks at the opening of the season, and also Jeremiah is very much up stage because Factotum Tennant, the keeper of the grounds, has a vocabulary not in entire accord with Jeremiah's early teaching. But that is another story. It is the rent thing that is sticking in Jeremiah's thorax and when he pulled it he wasn't half so mad as the directors were when they heard it, and the way it was received by ten thousand fans is indescribable. Possibly there is a point in the fact that the town is baseball crazy, for were it not, it is hardly probable that Jeremiah would take it upon himself to abruptly cause trouble at this time with the idea mayhap that no time could be more opportune in forcing the directors to meet his demands.

Now just what kind of a bird Jeremiah is, may be judged by the statements of the directors, all substantial business men of integrity who are not the kind to be bullied by a wheeze from anyone like Langford who is quoted by one of the papers as stating that he "finds it necessary to stand on his dignity." How can it be done? He must be an acrobat to be able to balance on such a footing.

Just a minute for the other side of the story. There are four of the directors of the Salt Lake baseball club who individually (not as a club) are on five thousand dollars worth of paper for that amount of money advanced to Jeremiah when he was faced with a strike during the construction of the stands at the grounds on account of lack of funds. Besides the \$5,000 cash advanced him, he subscribed for \$5,000 worth of baseball stock upon which he has never paid a quarter as yet.

The directors state that the rental and a certain percentage of the gross receipts whenever due Jeremiah, were to be an offset against this stock. In the meantime they allege that he was to put the grounds in shape, fix the boxes and clubhouse properly and do sundry other work on the field. It is further stated by the directors that they have spent money in doing necessary work at the park which should rightfully have been done by Jeremiah. With an assist of five thousand cash and the sacrifice of five thousand stock and Jeremiah trying to make a put-out on a four hundred dollar rent bill, it is hard work for a fan sitting over by third base to see where he gets that stuff.

In one paper, public spirited Jerry is quoted as saying "that he is a fan, a lover of the game, wants to do the right thing by the club, and that he will be willing to adjust matters when the club feels like it." But Jeremiah failed to state whether he meant a baseball game or the old army game. Anybody in his position ought to be a lover of the game and ought to come out of a desire to block the splendid work of the men who have been so diligent in giving this city a real team.

But the moss on some back grows long, long, long, and never gets a cutting.

Possibly before this appears in print, which will be twelve hours from now, Jeremiah may have seen a light and it is to be hoped that he will, but if he doesn't it will be just as well to take him at his word immediately, and prevent any possibility of a reoccurrence of a mess of this kind for which he is directly responsible and which has a very peculiar look coming at a time when the enthusiasm is so great and everything in local baseball circles is working so smoothly.

In speaking for what he says are his rights, Jeremiah made the statement to a daily newspaper, that "he did not propose to be shoved down in the mud and then trampled upon." We don't blame him a bit, but would it do any harm if the directors shoved him in the mud and omitted to trample? If Luther Burbank could take the public spirit Jerry displays and graft it with a piece of macaroni, we imagine the result would be a noodle.

BOHEMIAN SAN FRANCISCO

San Francisco may be likened unto a mosaic of life set on a foundation of romance, its surface alluring and its sub-structure fascinating, with a binding cement of mystery holding together all the strange manners and customs of its cosmopolitan population.

"In Bohemian San Francisco, Its Restaurants and Their Most Famous Recipes," published in fine style by Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco, Dr. Clarence E. Edwards unfolds living pictures of the queer and quaint foreign quarters of the city, and we are shown the daily life

of those who have brought even the environment of Mother Land and set it down in the midst of a great metropolis. Their foods and how prepared forms a most interesting feature of the book, and through it we learn many of the peculiar secrets which give such exquisite flavor to certain dishes.

A glance at the chapter headings shows that a new light has been thrown on San Francisco's cosmopolitanism. One senses the beginning of good living in "Birth of the French Restaurant." Nationalities are given vivid coloring in "Impress of Mexico," "As It Is in Germany," "In the Heart of Italy" and "A Breath of the Orient." The weird description of Fishermen's Wharf, in the chapter "Where the Fish Come In," gives one a new insight into a most fascinating part of the city. "Some Food Variants," telling of the different methods of preparing similar materials, and "Something About Cooking," with sixty famous recipes, give some idea of the scope of the book.

Those who are interested in San Francisco's restaurant life will learn where to get the best there is, served the best way, and it is all told without bias or favor, making it doubly valuable as a memento of "The City Loved Around the World."

He was an ardent lover, and a practically peniless lover. It was St. Patrick's day. In his hand he bore a pot of Irish shamrocks. "They were raised in the ould sod," he said, as he presented the pot to Maggie, "raised in the ould sod of Ireland." "Shure, now, Murphy," cried his lady in delight "how really sweet of ye it is. How perfect they are and how fresh. Shure, I believe that there's a little dew on 'em yet." Murphy flushed slightly. "Begorra, I know there is," he reluctantly confessed, "but praise heaven it'll be paid tomorrow."—What's Doing.

Salt Lake Theatre

Tues., Wed., Thurs.
—Wed. Matinee—

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

A
Half Dozen
New
Olcott
Songs

In Rachel Crother's New Comedy

"The Heart of Paddy Whack"

An Irish Bachelor's Romance, Tender in Sentiment
Brimming Over with Fun

HENRY MILLER, Manager

SEATS NOW ON SALE

Next Attraction—2 Days Commencing Fri. Eve.

\$1.00 Bargain Matinee Saturday. Special Return Engagement

GUY POST IN OMAR The BATES Tentmaker

A Spectacular Parsian Romance by Richard Walton Tully
Author of "The Bird of Paradise"

Prices 50c to \$2.00; Saturday Matinee 25c to \$1.00. Curtain will rise evenings promptly at 8 o'clock and 2:15 at Saturday Matinee